

ABANDONED LIBRARY PRESS

1

**PAST
AND
PRESENT**

EDITORS' NOTE

WELCOME TO THE INAUGURAL ISSUE OF ABANDONED LIBRARY PRESS! THANK YOU TO ALL OF THE CONTRIBUTORS WHO HAVE MADE OUR FIRST ISSUE SO SPECIAL.

THE REALM OF ABANDONED LIBRARY PRESS, AS WITH MANY JOURNALS AND PUBLISHERS, IS THE SPACE BETWEEN DISTRIBUTION AND ARCHIVE. PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE. GAPS BRIDGED AND COLLAPSED AMONG THE DUSTY STACKS.

THIS IS WHY WE HAVE CHOSEN PAST AND PRESENT FOR THE THEME OF ISSUE 1. EACH OF THE WORKS IN THIS ISSUE ARE INFORMED BY THE FLUX BETWEEN REGISTERS OF TIME, AND THE MOMENTS THEY COLLIDE AND BLEND INTO EACH OTHER.

FROM PROSE POETRY TO SHORT FICTION, ERASURE POEMS TO COLLAGE AND DIGITAL ART, THE WORKS FEATURED IN ISSUE 1 FADE IN AND OUT OF TIME. REWIND AND DISTORT IT. IGNORE IT. IN THE ABANDONED LIBRARY, EVEN THE PERMANENCE OF TIME IS SUSPECT.

KYLE AND JENNA

MASTHEAD

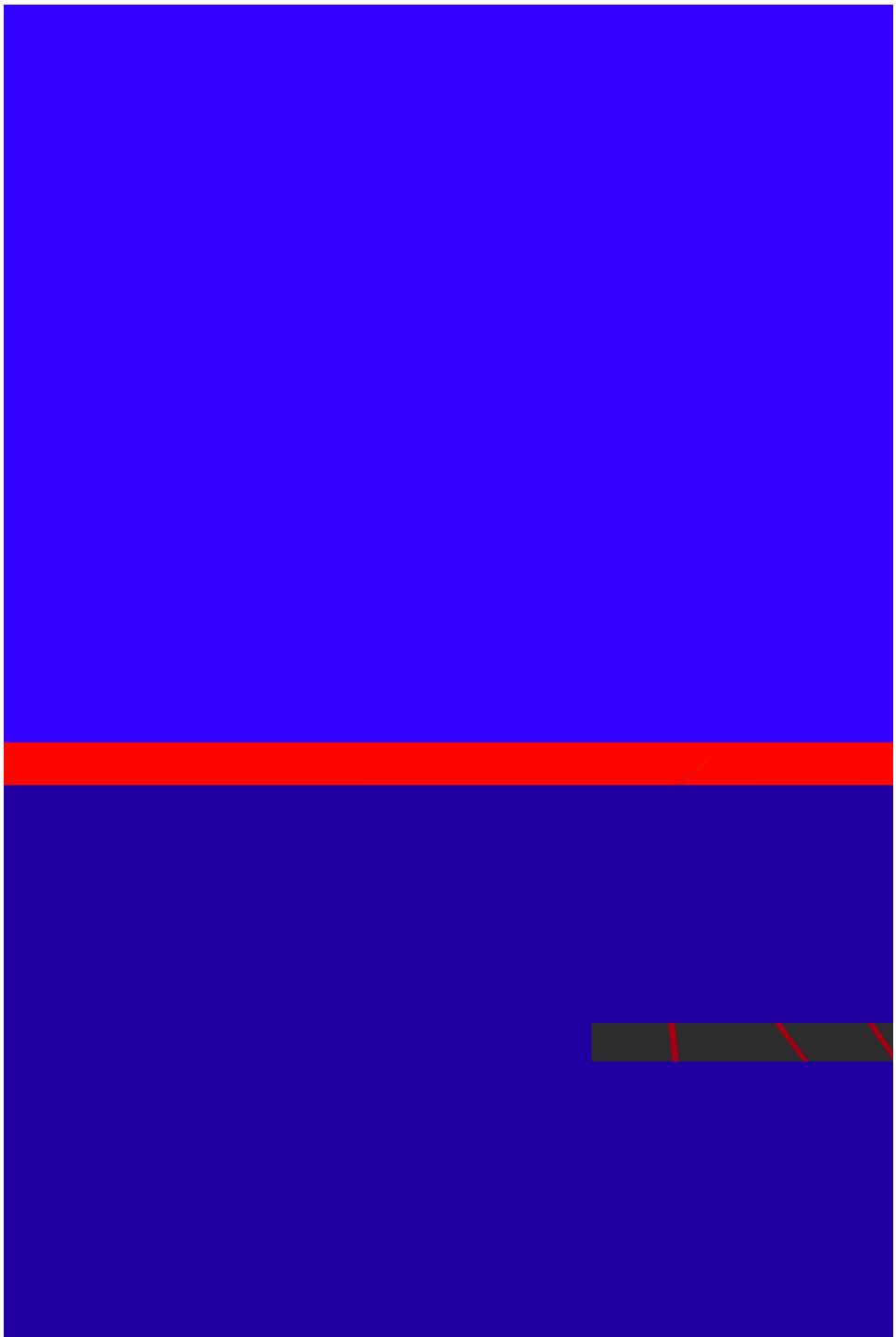
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WATCHING THE REMAKE OF PAPILLON

ACE BOGESS

Can't beat the original cast—I mean, Steve McQueen
in anything, goddamn jittery Dustin Hoffman
with his science of quirks, a perfect mimic of a person.
I admit I'm enthralled by Charlie Hunnam's smile,
his eyes like candles in a power outage. & Rami
Malek played Freddie Mercury in another film.
That for contrast, he's an interesting actor,
star on the rise, a ghost ship in cinematic fog.
The story, too, tries replicating tension, grief,
glimpses of the despicable in power & chains.
It sacrifices a bit of slowness that could help you
get in there & root around in the muck of genuine misery—
not as much teeth-clenching subtlety—but
you can smell the rot, splatter, & ocean.
You taste the little husk of coconut, touch desperation,
defiance. You feel as if there. That's worth
a few bucks for a ticket. It's like a theme park
with dungeons, thumb screws, coals, & I admit
I'm enthralled by Charlie Hunnam's smile.

ANXIOUS MOMENT SURROUNDING A MEAL

ACE BOGESS

We were studying trees in science class that year,
learning to identify them by shapes of leaves,
colors, occasional stench of rotting, so,
when my family took me to a restaurant
off the main road in nowhere woods,
I recognized the circle of hemlocks around it.
I hadn't read *Phaedo*, but knew the story of Socrates
& his poison. I was too young to apprehend if death
could be inhaled while one stood by in the parking lot.
I worried: what might the filet be marinated in?
That's how it happens in movies: stop out of the way,
& soon you're chased by chainsaws or machetes.
Imagination can be terrible mixed with hints
of information, like the politics of today
in which mistruths juggle deeply-kept beliefs.
Is that poison even real? I survived it,
ate, was grateful. On the way home,
thoughts of nearness to slaughter
buzzed my head: fruit flies, elusive,
I swatted at but couldn't crush or shew.

"AM I EVEN MAKING SENSE?"

[question asked by Andrea Fekete]

ACE BOGESS

abstract paintings swirl & glow under black lights
in clubs we remember from the 1990s.
colors spiral, then radiate like bursting constellations
until their faces resolve. smell the oils
as if this violet glare has set them cooking.
feel their hellscapes pulsing under gritty guitar chords
from whatever band is roaring through town.
the sense you make is the sense of memory.
those bands have moved on,
their drummers now accountants,
their bassists grocers who dream.
bars have been renamed, catering to other crowds;
the artwork lingers somewhere.
we hold to its disorder, mistranslate its lines.



TIME CAPSULES

LINDA MILANESE

1978

The first time we redid the kitchen, we decided to place a family time capsule under the cabinets—something to surprise a future generation during their own renovation. We filled a brown envelope with the front page of that day's newspaper, a few left-over soccer pictures of the kids, some artwork I suggested to keep them busy for a few minutes, and, finally, Marco's authentic Darth Vader autograph, a prize he'd acquired one Saturday at Mervyn's when a deep-breathing guy in a plastic mask wrote his magical signature on a scrap of binder paper.

Just before the cabinets were installed, we slipped the brown envelope beneath them and forgot about it.

And there it was some years later when we removed the forever cabinets for a more serious renovation. The kids were gone by that time and probably wouldn't have remembered that kitchen ceremony anyway, just another memory among so many important ones. But we spent some time cherishing the unexpected treasure we'd unearthed.

1959

The radio dial lit the steamy interior of the 1957 Ford parked in the driveway. A Doo-Bop group crooned a teenage love song into the heavy August night. As we sank into the delicious leather seats of our sensual refuge, everything was new. My father's brick lamp posts glowed their yellow bug lights along the long gravel driveway that led past the house and into the woods.

The house was still new—my father dreamed it and built it himself, his own time capsule. He filled it with years of physical labor at the end of his regular workdays, weekends of masonry troweled into place, beloved trees milled into lumber for window trim. We took his prize for granted, just a familiar backdrop for our own emerging lives. We were unsuspecting of its run-down future fifty short years later when the family would no longer need it, when the liquidator would seize control of the contents, and new occupants would buy it for a song. Strangers left to discover remnants of our history.



PAPER DOLLS OF 1962

PEGGY SCHIMMELMAN

For paper doll families carefully scissored from last season's Sears and Roebuck, boredom was never a problem. They'd drive to the beach in their shoebox lid cars or entertain friends in their clothespin houses, showing off their attached garages and plush covered flushable toilets. Their nights passed undisturbed by nightmares or insomnia in their fancy, five-piece bedroom suites with unraggedy spreads and untattered matching curtains, all clipped from the furniture section.

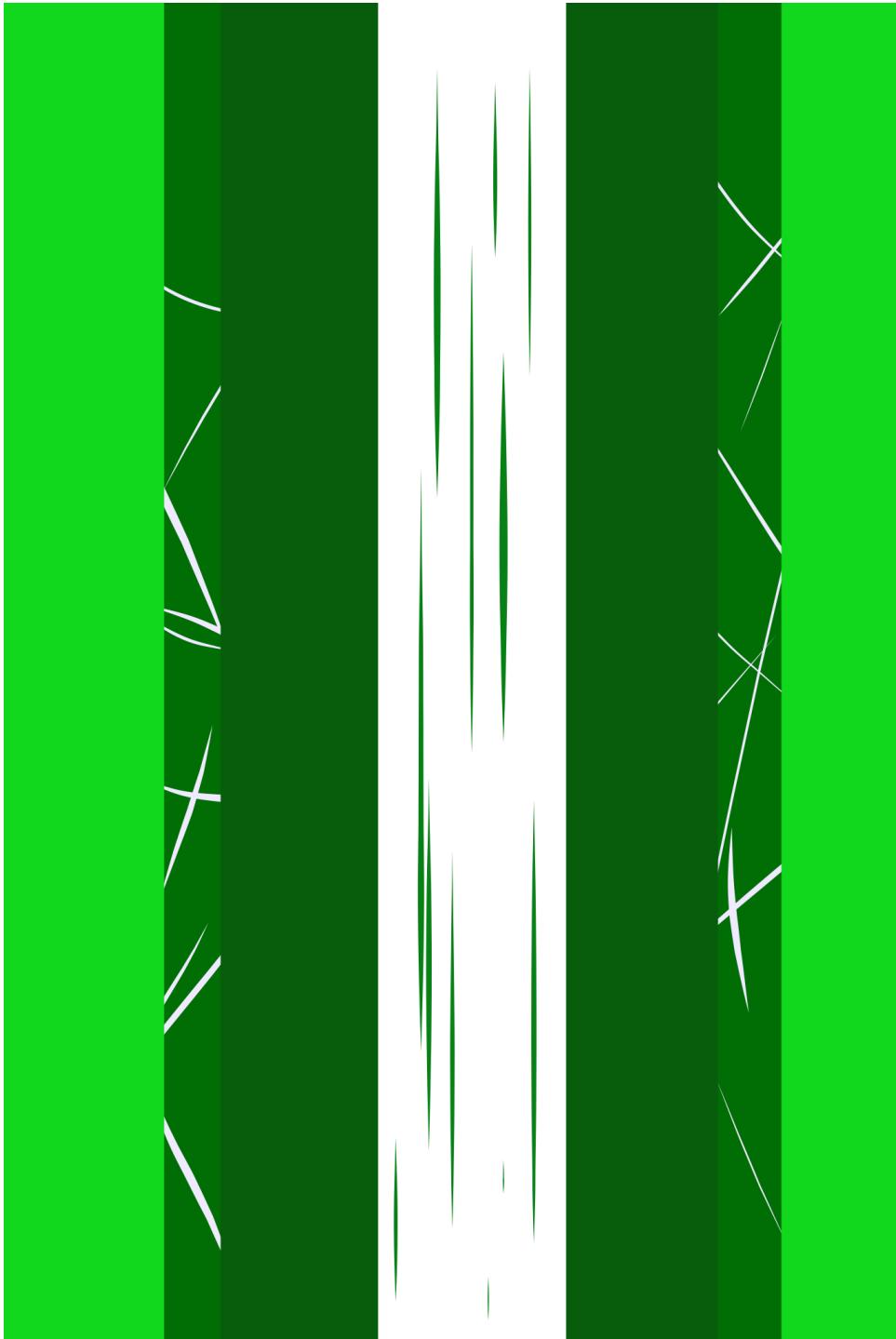
In this paper doll world lived three kids, not six—the parents having listened, unlike some people, when Granny advised: "That's enough." These were the Big Girl, who wasn't shy, the Middle-sized Girl, who was good at math, and the Little Girl, never pesky or whiny. The mom wasn't frumpy, her voice not shrill, so pretty she might have been a model—the way she always stood with one hand on a hip and the other arm slightly extended. The young, handsome daddy wore no cap, nor a boring green park service uniform, but was spiffed up fine in tie and sports coat and was out of necessity pasted together, his bottom half, with wingtips and trousers, twisting away from the torso. Their smiles never wilted, even through scoldings over homework and such, which were gentle—the dad never red-faced, threatening "Don't make me take off this belt."

They didn't mind wearing, day after day, the same stylish clothes and pleased expressions whether awake or asleep, through funerals, weddings, and visits from Granny, who adored the girls and brought them candy, not apples. Why, even the mom would never have called her a meddling old biddy.

With the girls off to school, the mom dusted and mopped, in pastel pedal pushers and polished flat slippers, hair teased into a perky flip—no graying, frizzy curls, no arthritic fingers, shoulders not stooped. Around three o'clock, with coffee and cake, she'd sit down, somehow, without bending her knees, to catch up on soaps in the vinyl recliner that more or less faced the TV. After "Secret Storm" and "The Edge of Night," without grousing about how she worked like a slave, she would sing to herself—it was hardly a chore, basting and chopping in her modern-day kitchen with its Maytag appliances, sparkling countertops, and water—cold or hot—that flowed like magic from a faucet.

At supper, they'd gather around the jelly jar lid to discuss the events of the day. This dad never belched out loud at the table, said "pass me them spuds," or complained that the pork chops were tough. With dusk they'd climb onto their shoebox top Chevy and drop in, unannounced, on the neighbors. Or sometimes, spontaneously, they'd visit the drive-in, the dad not insisting they wait for his paycheck, or that his coon dog could sing one heckuva lot better than Elvis.

You would never find this family fretting that their lives or their bodies lacked dimension. Unlike some, they counted their blessings: freed from their mail-order catalogue prison, given life by three sisters with wild imaginations, no friends for miles around, rain on the roof, and no ride to town. Just another August day in the Ozarks.



CIGARETTE DIPLOMACY

PATRICIA WALSH

Making me feel somewhat real,
proscribed on an inkling under umbrage
perpetual lights insult the television
getting gist's of wounded pride already.
Slicing through decorum, a heartened game
needing instruction to go on what's next,
commemorating others in a surreptitious glare
dancing through speaking well into turn.
Milling in and out of slighted doors,
hurt without prejudice, televised grace
recognizant professionals under cover of drink,
only the most weakened still survive.
On the correct track, clacking to go
moderately funny, healing as stereotypes
appropriates attired to drink suitably
continuous assessment blighting the everyday.
Enumerated to starving, a bookish glare,
suicidal declarations tarnish this soul,
invitations to dinner go to ground
hardwired misgivings smoked with impunity.
Socializing to a fault, exiled by the meaning
of illicit alcohol, overly frequent, annoying,
chance tea-lights serving their own purpose
mannerly destruction of a necessary terror.

THIS NICE EXPLOSION

PATRICIA WALSH

Blown-apart misgivings about the superior clause,
the better imaginary friend looks toward oblivion,
a badly focussed, photograph rolling in the deep,
comprehended at will, surprise interpretations
drinking superiors over the table, a disco realised
correct combinations keep transactions sweet.
Needing succour this evening, feeding a burn
up-skilled to recycled order, blaring the odds,
this heartfelt whine doing the astute favours,
information withheld becomes its own explosive,
switching off the light serves one's own purpose
good, bad, or otherwise closure abrupt.
Vicariously watched, copper-fastening innocence
outstaying welcomes a call much too far,
incendiary rosé, marking a superior wine,
making it out as sensible, carving the food,
marking the difference under flashing lights
the redundant television marks its own death.
Some gratitude attitude thanked for presence
over sincerity as the music overhead,
crushed under expectation, a worse effort
losing keys a sudden nightmare, forlorn
banking on holidays, sarcastically eaten
cultural engineering a finalised pursuit.

LOW COUNTRY

PATRICIA WALSH

These barbaric reels mark the floor by,
some ruby slippers did their work overtime,
switching enough to say goodbye blindly,
an idiot's chorus waxes its own finish.

Sadly missing rounds, looking for No 1
the eulogising din deafens the brightened
in fairness what's expected is revered
bleeding over disco tracks repeatedly.

Hiding piercings, tattoos, for sake of betterment,
sinking voluminous pints without shame.

Called home for less, the better to aggrandise
failing repeatedly to learn one simple lesson.
Forgetting eaten bread, the better to hold fast
blowing the fake ID at the cavern's entrance
kissing for preferment, an elusive love
nothing stopping it now, not even bedtime.

Mumbling dialogue in the course of the diurnal,
more so than the fancied, elevated to glory
bloody testing through bookish sentiment
a fault undiscovered, a minefield wasted
photographs unclassified, on a single nuance
spilling gratitude for a constant presence
fed and rested non-discriminatory noisily
belated careers turning over the script.

THE ONLY LAWS ARE THE LAWS OF CHANCE

HOWIE GOOD

Situational awareness is just so important. Even a momentary lapse can result in a 9-year-old in a black-and-white striped Halloween costume being mistaken for an actual skunk and shot. Now crime scene technicians in full-body coveralls are photographing the bloodstains on the front walk, dusting for prints, scooping shell casings into evidence bags. As the shooter gets dragged off in handcuffs, his wife collapses on the ground, convulsed by sobs. What is inside is going to come out despite the efforts of a nice neighbor to calm her. And the moon? It looks exactly like the blade of a scythe.

GRANDMA PREDICTS

HOWIE GOOD

The old woman who told fortunes in a booth on the boardwalk turned the last card over. King of spades. She frowned at the card. Then she predicted I would die screaming, but screaming in the voice of the opera star she called Placebo Domingo. Nowadays the more that is reported, the less everyone actually knows. Ninety-nine percent of humans have been inducted into the bedlam of complex systems. When machines operators are overcome by fatigue and confusion, the machines are capable of operating themselves. Anyone can get a gun. It takes a white whale with a grudge to use it.

KAMIKAZE

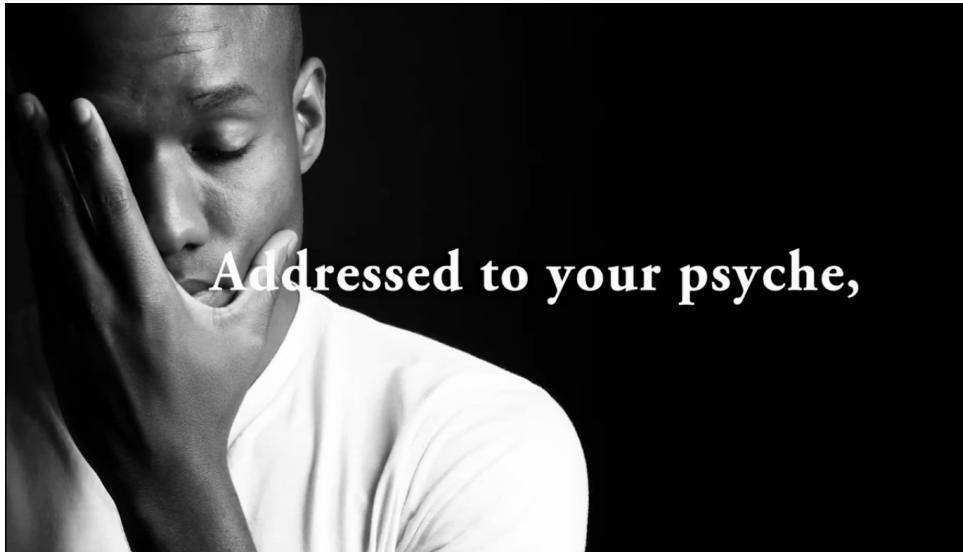
HOWIE GOOD

Mother died in the “nuthouse,” as people called it then. I might be better known today if I didn’t have such difficulty talking about it in something other than code. All these years later, searchlights still probe the sky, supposedly for a ghost squadron of kamikaze pilots, but who really knows what’s going on? It could be that the government is afraid every airplane flying overhead will crash. I lost my faith in portable electronic devices back when missionaries went looking for souls to convert among horses and dogs. I imagine it was a strange time to be a poodle.





A SHORT CONVERSATION WITH BOB MCNEIL



Addressed to your psyche,

ABANDONED LIBRARY PRESS: WHAT FORMS DOES YOUR CREATIVE OUTPUT TAKE? IN THIS ISSUE WE ARE FEATURING A VISUAL ART PIECE YOU HAVE CREATED WHICH COMBINES YOUR SPOKEN WORDS WITH VIDEO IMAGES—IS THIS A MEDIUM YOU WORK IN FREQUENTLY?

BOB MCNEIL: FOR THE MOST PART, I AM A WRITER. FROM TIME TO TIME, I RECITE MY WORK. UNRELATED TO MY LITERARY PURSUITS, I DRAW POLITICAL CARTOONS AND MATERIAL WITH INTIMATE ADULT THEMES. AS FOR THE VIDEO MEDIUM, INDIVIDUALS WHO KNOW MORE ABOUT IT THAN I SOUGHT ME OUT AND USED MY MODEST WORDS AND PERFORMANCES IN THEIR RESPECTIVE PROJECTS. CASE IN POINT, THE VIDEO FOR “TEXT TO RESURRECT REVOLUTION” WAS CREATED BY GABRIELLE DAVID, PUBLISHER FOR 2LEAF PRESS, AND HER CREATIVE TEAM.

ALP: ON A RELATED NOTE, WHAT IN MIXED MEDIUM WORK—COMBINING TEXT, SOUND, VIDEO, ETC.—CAN YOU ACCOMPLISH THAT YOU CAN’T IN STRICTLY SPOKEN OR WRITTEN WORK?

BOB MCNEIL: A POEM, IF WRITTEN WELL, CAN BE JUST AS VISUAL AS ANY VIDEO OR AS AUDIBLE AS ANY SOUNDTRACK. LITERARY DEVICES, SUCH AS METAPHORS AND SIMILES AS WELL AS OTHER FORMS OF FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE, CAN CREATE CINEMAS IN THE MINDS OF READERS. DON'T GET ME WRONG. OBVIOUSLY, JUDGING FROM MY LONGSTANDING COLLABORATIONS WITH VIDEOGRAPHERS AND MUSICIANS, I AM NOT AGAINST MIXED MEDIUM WORK. HOWEVER, AS A WRITER, ALL CREATIVE CONDUITS LEAD TO THE PRINTED PAGE.

ALP: THE THEME OF THIS ISSUE IS PAST AND PRESENT. HOW DO YOU SEE THIS WORK DEMONSTRATING THIS DYNAMIC?

BOB MCNEIL: BACK IN 1929, COUNTEE CULLEN PUBLISHED A POEM ENTITLED "THE BLACK CHRIST." AROUND FOUR DECADES AFTER HIS DEATH, DURING MY TWENTIES, I READ THAT POEM. TO SAY THE LEAST, HIS WORK LEFT AN INDELIBLE IMPRESSION ON ME. YEARS LATER, AS A MIDDLE-AGED MAN, I WATCHED MORE OF MY BLACK BROTHERS AND SISTERS GET CRUCIFIED BY RACISTS. BIGOTS, WITH OR WITHOUT BADGES, PREYED UPON MY PEOPLE. ONCE AGAIN, CULLEN'S WORDS FROM THE PAST SPOKE TO MY EVER-PRESENT NEED TO ADDRESS INJUSTICE. MY POEM, "TEXT TO RESURRECT REVOLUTION," WAS INSPIRED BY HIS WORK. REGRETTABLY, CULLEN'S INCREDIBLE COMPOSITION AND MY MODEST WORK ARE STILL RELEVANT IN THE MODERN AGE.

BOB MCNEIL WAS INFLUENCED BY THE NEGRO LEAGUE MOVEMENT AND THE BEATS. FURTHERMORE, AFTER YEARS OF BEING A PROFESSIONAL ILLUSTRATOR, SPOKEN WORD ARTIST, AND WRITER, HE STILL HOPES TO EXPRESS AND ADDRESS THE NEEDS OF THE HUMAN MOSAIC.

BELOW IS A LINK TO BOB MCNEIL'S VIDEO PIECE "TEXT TO RESURRECT REVOLUTION"

[HTTPS://YOUTU.BE/M5UEDZBO_QO](https://youtu.be/m5uedzbo_qo)



EMILY DICKINSON'S ROMANTIC HOPES

(translated thru 5 romance languages)

DREW PISARRA

Hope is the thing of the pen
that sings in the soul
and plays the music without words
and stops in everything.
And [it] feels the sweetest of the throat
and the wound must be the storm
that can defeat the little bird
that maintains so many qualities.
I felt [it] in the country more delicate
and in the country the strangest sea,
but in the end, [it] never asked me
for a smell.

STEINESE ROSES

(erasing everything but the rose)

DREW PISARRA

A cool red rose and a pink cut pink,
a collapse and a sold hole,
a little less hot.

A shallow hole rose on red,
a shallow hole in
and in this makes ale less.

Cover up cover up the two
with a little piece of string
and hope rose and green, green.

Please pale hot, please cover rose,
please acre in the red stranger,
please butter all the beef-steak
with regular feel faces.

A not torn rose-wood color.

Supposing that the case contained
rose-wood and a color.

If the red is rose
and there is a gate surrounding it,
if inside is let in and there places change
then certainly something is upright.

LORD BYRON'S ROBOTS

DREW PISARRA

Oh! ye lords of robots intellectual, inform us truly!
I mean, such graceful robots, old robots,
their very walk would make your bosom swell
(just as the Spartan robots did of yore
and robots proudly condescending).

But here a sort of scene began to ensue:
the robots,—who by no means had been bred
to be disposed of, angry robots, some old robots,
elder robots, middle-aged robots even more
than young: The robots whisper'd. Robots rose.

Sometimes robots hit exceeding hard,
robots who can not have their own way,
country robots, blue robots, magic robots,
the gay saloon of robots, two Turkish robots
which some pretend to trace in robots' smiles.

For instance—gentlemen, whose robots take
Leave to o'erstep the written rights,
their robots tell us of stockings, slippers, brushes,
combs, other articles of robots fair,
to keep them beautiful, or leave them neat.

The surest way for robots, robots of all countries,
the robots of the robots, robots' robots?

Robots, I have nought to say
unless the robots should go off.

Robots, it is time to go to rest.

The robots with more moderation mingled?

Young robots, robots in their youth,
Single robots wishing to be double
robots even of the most uneasy virtue.

Ye learned robots! O, gentle robots!
All the robots with robots' feet
with all things robots want, all such
robots, robots who have studied friendship,
the robots, the robots... What after all
can signify the site of robots?

#12 METEORITE

(composition varies SiO₂ vs. Fe₂O₃ (T) + MgO)

J. MACBAIN-STEVENS

on the back of your motorcycle
thought to be descended from heaven
I see the moon
actually falling
from the sky
and the smells change
from wildflowers, to factory,
to creek
my hands grip your waist
so tight I cannot write later
open new levels in me
your fingers
a new horizon
feel busy
but graze my bare knee
checking in
which is *rare but found anywhere*
my awareness
is safe like
the remains of a large planet
I close my mouth to keep bugs out
Breathe through my nose
until back at the camper
I pretend I am not scared
to live

#13 HEMATITE

(Fe₂O₃)

J. MACBAIN-STEVENS

the half light on my face *dug out of the world* moss near my feet
speaks *come to the here* the now
above my mind the unrest *shatters* the fears in my pocket
grounding but trying to get out *or the opposite* stay too long
my edges turn red *hide magic* the glimpse of back packs fading up the trail
easily struck by falling rocks the cliff moving towards feet

#14 SMOKY QUARTZ

(SiO₂)

J. MACBAIN-STEVENS

nearby

sap, leaves, trees
heat a cauldron *in their perfect*
decay

the tops of buildings grow out of mountains
radiance absorbing
the nature equation

steel + foliage =
a red carpet entrance
a brightness we rarely

achieve
nothing real and aching
spends \$26 on berry bars

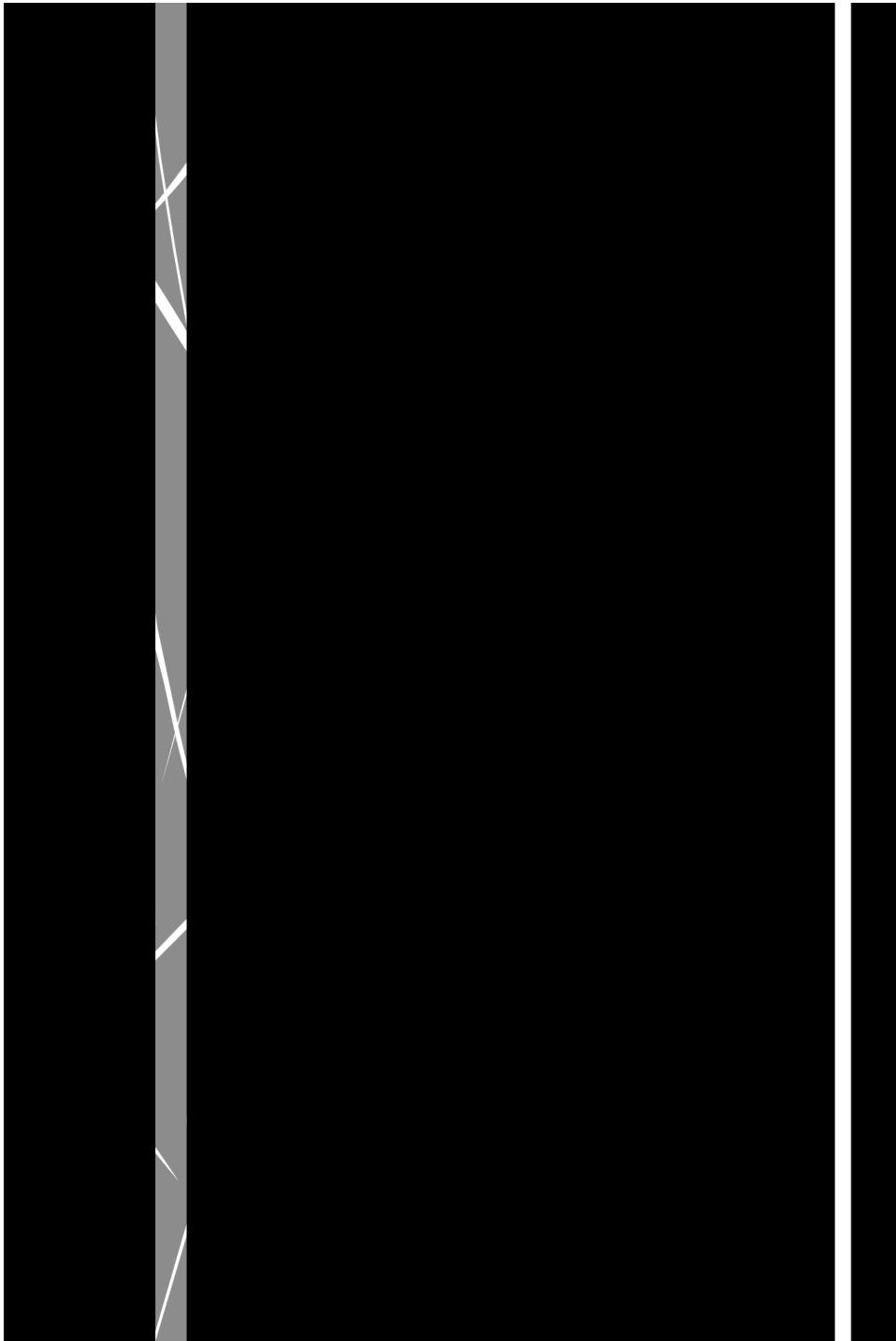
People rush into offices, store their
potential

build an emotional bridge Egyptian style
open wounds and dragging
the stones which always hit the same
bruises

but this ancient
rock is supposed to ground me
receive my flowered

bodice
broadcast a focused energy

begin by reversing fall into summer



THE LIGHT OF SUN AND MOON

LINDA M. CRATE

you're not posedion
nor am i medusa,
and you're lucky because if i were
you would be mere stone;
that i'd smash with my fists for all that you took-
you desecrated my temples,
anointed yourself with my oils,
lit candles that weren't yours to light;
walked through my church and villages
polluting them all with darkness and nightmares
i was never meant to know-

so here i am
all these years later
stitching myself back together stronger than
the woman you knew before
she wouldn't kiss sunsets but that's the lipstick
i wear now
as i dance with my mother, the moon;
i am unafraid of the deepest of your blues because
darkness will never put out the light
but a dream can shatter a nightmare and that's what i'll do-
your kingdom will threaten no one else,
and all will cheer when your kingdom falls into the sea,
each monster of you scalded by the light of sun and moon.



MOONLESS NIGHT

JOHN GREY

It's so dark
I can't tell one flower,
one tree, one street,
one house, from another,
But it's imperative
that I be able
to tell one woman
from another.
Otherwise,
it's even darker.

YOUR LIGHT IS LIKE MOAB UTAH LIGHT

JACK C. BUCK

exploded with your light
and that light over the ridge
of the mountain's shoulders
with your light
having it last a long while
on a short amount of time
to construct a life
out of its beauty and largeness
this stopping place
to bring with after we're gone
I hold this intimacy of that place
past all the miles and back
as the wide long curve of desert shadow
takes its place

THE WARRANT

HILARY SIDERIS

I understand each question
in nail-salon English – *Like*

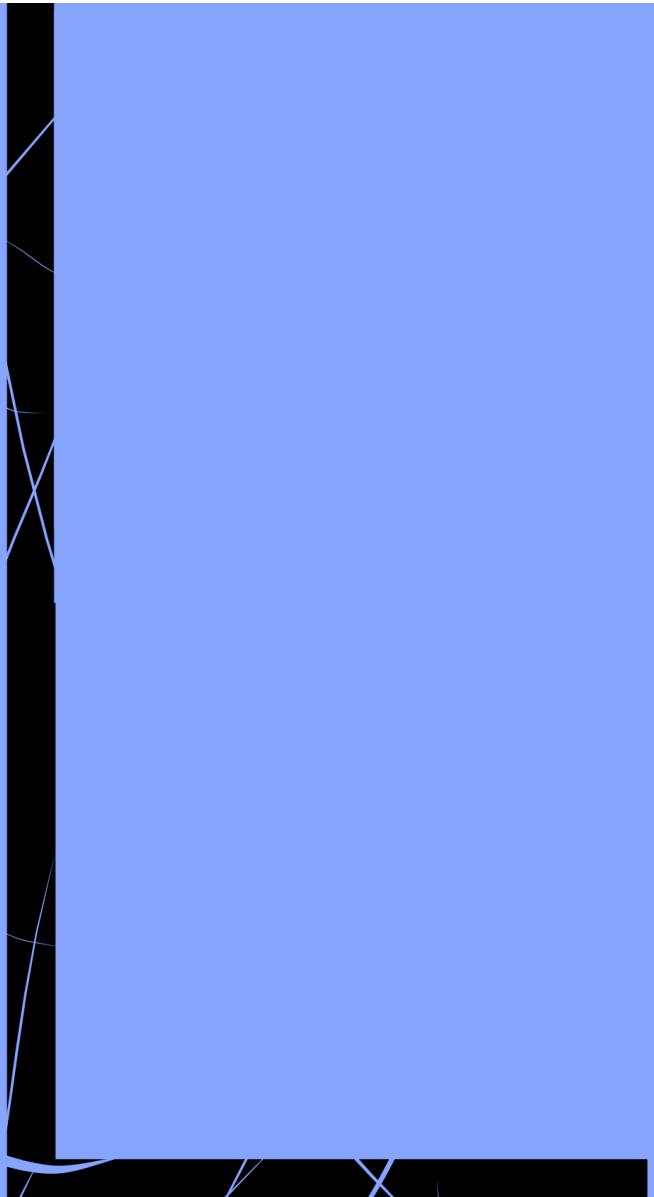
*this color? Hot stone? Hard
enough? — slow motion flush.*

*Try to stay calm. Remain polite.
Ask ICE to slip the warrant*

*under your door; the immigrant
defense booklet I'm reading says.*

ICE comes at dawn, hoping
to find their target home in bed.

The owner's mutt dozes
below the words, *No Pet.*



ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS

ACE BOGESS IS AUTHOR OF FOUR BOOKS OF POETRY, MOST RECENTLY *I HAVE LOST THE ART OF DREAMING IT SO* (UNSOLICITED PRESS, 2018) AND *ULTRA DEEP FIELD* (BRICK ROAD POETRY PRESS, 2017), AND TWO NOVELS, INCLUDING *STATES OF MERCY* (ALIEN BUDDHA PRESS, 2019). HIS WRITING HAS APPEARED IN HARVARD REVIEW, MID-AMERICAN REVIEW, RATTLE, RIVER STYX, NORTH DAKOTA QUARTERLY AND OTHER JOURNALS. HE RECEIVED A FELLOWSHIP FROM THE WEST VIRGINIA COMMISSION ON THE ARTS AND SPENT FIVE YEARS IN A WEST VIRGINIA PRISON. HE LIVES IN CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA.

LINDA MILANESE IS A RETIRED ENGLISH TEACHER WHO IS HAPPY TO HAVE TIME TO WRITE AND TO READ BOOKS THAT AREN'T PART OF THE CURRICULUM. SHE'S A CO-AUTHOR OF *LONG STORIES SHORT* BY WILD VINE WRITERS. HER REVIEWS AND ESSAYS HAVE APPEARED IN THE INDEPENDENT, A LIVERMORE, CALIFORNIA, NEWSPAPER

J. MACBAIN-STEVENS LIVES IN THE MIDWEST AND IS THE AUTHOR OF FOUR FULL LENGTH POETRY COLLECTIONS: "YOUR BEST ASSET IS A WHITE LACE DRESS," (YELLOW CHAIR PRESS, 2016) "THE MESSENGER IS ALREADY DEAD," (STALKING HORSE PRESS, 2017,) "WE'RE GOING TO NEED A HIGHER FENCE," TIED FOR FIRST PLACE IN THE 2017 LIT FEST BOOK COMPETITION, AND "THE VITAMIX AND THE MURDER OF CROWS," IS RECENTLY OUT FROM APOCALYPSE PARTY. WORK HAS BEEN NOMINATED FOR BEST OF THE NET AND THE PUSHCART PRIZE. RECENT WORK CAN BE SEEN AT OR IS FORTHCOMING FROM THE PINCH, BLACK LAWRENCE PRESS, QUIDDITY, PRELUDE, CLEAVER, YALOBUSA REVIEW, ZONE 3, AND GRIST.

PEGGY SCHIMMELMAN IS A SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA WRITER. HER WORK INCLUDES THE POETRY CHAPBOOKS CRAZYTOWN (WRITING KNIGHTS PRESS) AND TICK-TOCK (FINISHING LINE PRESS) AND THE NOVEL WHIPPOORWILLS. HER POETRY AND SHORT FICTION HAVE APPEARED IN NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, WINNINGWRITERS.COM, HAIGHT-ASHBURY JOURNAL, ALEOLA JOURNAL OF POETRY AND ART, PACIFIC REVIEW, COMSTOCK REVIEW, WILD MUSETTE JOURNAL, 100WORDSTORIES.ORG AND OTHERS.

JOHN GREY IS AN AUSTRALIAN POET, US RESIDENT. RECENTLY PUBLISHED IN THAT, DALHOUSIE REVIEW AND NORTH DAKOTA QUARTERLY WITH WORK UPCOMING IN QWERTY, CHRONOGRAM AND FAILBETTER.

JACK C. BUCK IS A WRITER AND TEACHER FROM GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN. HE IS THE AUTHOR OF THREE BOOKS: DEER MICHIGAN (TRUTH SERUM PRESS), GATHERING VIEW (PUNCH DRUNK PRESS), WILL YOU LET IT SEND YOU OUT (GHOST CITY PRESS)

HOWIE GOOD IS THE AUTHOR MOST RECENTLY OF STICK FIGURE OPERA: 99 100-WORD PROSE POEMS FROM CAJUN MUTT PRESS. HE CO-EDITS THE ONLINE JOURNALS UNBROKEN AND UNLOST.

DREW PISARRA IS ONE HALF OF SAINT FLASHLIGHT, AN POETRY ACTIVATION PROJECT WITH MOLLY GROSS THAT GETS VERSE INTO UNEXPECTED PUBLIC SPACES. SEPARATELY, HIS FIRST BOOK OF POETRY, INFINITY STANDING UP, WAS RECENTLY RELEASED BY CAPTURING FIRE PRESS. HE IS ALSO A FALL 2019 RECIPIENT OF A LITERARY GRANT FROM CAFE ROYAL CULTURAL FOUNDATION.

BOB MCNEIL WAS INFLUENCED BY THE NEGRIITUDE MOVEMENT AND THE BEATS. FURTHERMORE, AFTER YEARS OF BEING A PROFESSIONAL ILLUSTRATOR, SPOKEN WORD ARTIST, AND WRITER, HE STILL HOPES TO EXPRESS AND ADDRESS THE NEEDS OF THE HUMAN MOSAIC.

HILARY SIDERIS HAS RECENTLY PUBLISHED POEMS IN THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF POETRY, BELLEVUE LITERARY REVIEW, FREE STATE REVIEW, GRAVEL, THE LAKE, MAIN STREET RAG, RHINO, SALAMANDER, AND SOUTHERN POETRY REVIEW. SHE IS THE AUTHOR OF MOST LIKELY TO DIE (POETS WEAR PRADA 2014), THE INCLINATION TO MAKE WAVES (BIG WONDERFUL 2016), UN AMORE VELOCE (KELSBY 2019) AND THE SILENT B (DOS MADRES 2019).

PATRICIA WALSH WAS BORN AND RAISED IN THE PARISH OF MOURNEABBEY, CO CORK, IRELAND. TO DATE, SHE HAS PUBLISHED ONE NOVEL, TITLED THE QUEST FOR LOST EIRE, IN 2014, AND HAS PUBLISHED ONE COLLECTION OF POETRY, TITLED CONTINUITY ERRORS, WITH LAPWING PUBLICATIONS IN 2010. SHE HAS SINCE BEEN PUBLISHED IN A VARIETY OF PRINT AND ONLINE JOURNALS. THESE INCLUDE: THE LAKE; SEVENTH QUARRY PRESS; MARBLE JOURNAL; NEW BINARY PRESS; STANZAS; CROSSWAYS; YGDRASIL; SEVENTH QUARRY; THE FRACTURED NUANCE; REVIVAL MAGAZINE; INK SWEAT AND TEARS; DRUNK MONKEYS; HESTERGLOCK PRESS; LINNET'S WING, NARRATOR INTERNATIONAL, THE GALWAY REVIEW; POETHEAD AND THE EVENING ECHO.

EDWARD LEE IS AN ARTIST AND WRITER FROM IRELAND. HIS PAINTINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHY HAVE BEEN EXHIBITED WIDELY, WHILE HIS POETRY, SHORT STORIES, NON-FICTION HAVE BEEN PUBLISHED IN MAGAZINES IN IRELAND, ENGLAND AND AMERICA, INCLUDING THE STINGING FLY, SKYLIGHT 47, ACUMEN AND SMITHS KNOLL. HE IS CURRENTLY WORKING ON TWO PHOTOGRAPHY COLLECTIONS: 'LYING DOWN WITH THE DEAD' AND 'THERE IS A BEAUTY IN BROKEN THINGS'.

HE ALSO MAKES MUSICAL NOISE UNDER THE NAMES AYAHUASCA COLLECTIVE, LEWIS MILNE, ORSON CARROLL, BLINDED ARCHITECT, LEGO FIGURES FIGHTING, AND PALE BLOND BOY.

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